

CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF ADMIRING MYSELF

I love it when my doctor laughs in spite of himself
like we're equals.

The fact that he suggested I start
making medium-term plans
must mean he thinks I'm doing well,
because generally it's the better adjusted
who're up to making plans.

Consider,

he said,

working out

some aims professional/personal

and ways to achieve them —

a two-year/five-year plan.

But doctor,

I'm busy with the big nectarine in the fruit bowl
while the world plans around me!

Yes, and I sketched

a little gesture of doubt in the air

without moving my chin from my hand.

GOODBYE TO MAYBE

Of what earthly use is Madame Bovary to me
when I am drawn into a situation
containing those very elements I should avoid?

Concepts of need are awash in oil dollars,
hoax callers are jamming the emergency lines,
and the fireworks were my only pleasure all year.

This gesture of putting my hand to my eye
alerts the world that I'm still alive.

My heart is empty of all snakes,
the game is played and I throw the game away.

I may fall asleep on the railway station platform
and dream not totally pastoral dreams.

Like maintenance men clinging to steel,
I open my mouth to make this cry.

— Emma Lew

Richmond VIC 3121, Australia